NATIONAL REVIEW

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August 16, 1958

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF OPINION

The Kremlin's Greatest Worry

EUGENE LYONS

Stumbling Toward the Summit

AN EDITORIAL

The Businessman in Politics

FRANK CHODOROV

Articles and Reviews by . . . . . FRANK S. MEYER
L. BRENT BOZELL · PETER CRUMPET · ROBERT PHELPS
RUSSELL KIRK · JOHN CHAMBERLAIN · DENNIS DUFFY

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For the Record

Chinese Communist military leaders had a week-long conference in Peiping last month. Far East observers think Khrushchev's trip was a cover for concerting plans to be followed in case of general war.

Some of our readers in California who may wish to take an active part in the campaign of Senator William F. Knowland may be puzzled about how and where to start. We will be happy to put any of them who write us in touch with the Senator's California campaign staff. . . . The U.S. government seized two farm tractors from an Indiana farmer last month, to satisfy penalties for overplanting wheat used for his own needs.

The Supreme Court ruling that passports cannot be denied because of the applicant's beliefs and associations produced one immediate effect: The Justice Department asked Congress to give it power to prosecute American citizens for spying against the United States on foreign soil. Present statutes limit prosecution to acts of espionage committed within the United States or on American vessels. . . . The State Department reports that trade between the free world and the Communist bloc last year rose 14.4 per cent above the 1956 figure.

Nelson Rockefeller on Senator McCarthy, March 1958: "A lot of us felt at the time that the President should have cracked down. But, looking back, I'm not sure we were right. Maybe, in the long run the way he handled it was the way to show the people what they were up against." . . . Senator Harry F. Byrd of Virginia announces that the U. S. government trimmed its payroll by 34,560 persons in the fiscal year just ended.

Dr. Bela Fabian, president of the Federation of Hungarian Former Political Prisoners, says five thousand Hungarian steel workers, deported after the 1956 uprising, have been sent to Communist China as slave laborers. . . . On the same day that it announced a new "agreement" with the Evangelical Churches, the Communist East German government arrested four Jesuit priests—without warrants and without charges.

Quote of the week (from Rotary Reminder): "Capital punishment is when the government taxes you to get capital, in order to go into business in competition with you, and then taxes the profits on your business to pay its losses."

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EDITOR: Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

PUBLISHER: William A. Rusher

EDITORS

L. Brent Bozell — James Burnham
John Chamberlain — Whittaker Chambers
Willmoore Kendall — Suzanne La Follette
Frank S. Meyer

PRODUCTION EDITOR: Mabel Wood

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT: Sam M. Jones

ASSOCIATES

Priscilla L. Buckley — Jonathan Mitchell
Maureen B. O'Reilly — Morrie Ryskind

CONTRIBUTORS

C. D. Batchelor, John C. Caldwell, Frank Chodorov, Jol Abbot Clark, Forrest Davis, A. Derso, Max Eastma Medford Evans, Karl Hess, John D. Kreuttner, J. B. Matthews, Gerhart Niemeyer, Revilo Oliver, E. Merrill Root, Richard M. Weaver, Frederick D. Wilhelmsen, Gen. Charles A. Willoughby, Garry Wills

FOREIGN CONTRIBUTORS

London: Anthony Lejeune — *Madrid*: J. Derv
Munich: E. v. Kuehnelt-Leddihn

ASSISTANT TO THE PUBLISHER: J. P. McFadden

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The WEEK

In France nothing endures like the provisional, ıd in America nothing is as changing as the per-anent—in this case, the "permanent government ɔbt ceiling": recently lifted from $275 to $285 bil-ɔn, in order to accommodate this year's prospective 2 billion deficit.

Anyone so foolish as to suppose that Senator nowland could be scared off the right-to-work issue r his setback in the California primary, can now st easy. Like the late Senator Taft, Mr. Knowland ows that he is not only ready but eager to take on ganized labor; moreover, he showed this last week, hen he persuaded the Republican State Convention California to discard an anti-right-to-work plank had adopted in 1956. Mr. Knowland evidently has least the tacit assent of his party in urging the loption of an anti-union shop measure in the No-ɔmber referendum. The Senate Minority Leader ter turned to his opponent, State Attorney Edmund rown ("Buster Brown" is what Knowland is call-g him) and charged him with laxity toward labor nobsters and gangsters"; the latter, Knowland says, ıve moved into California at an alarming rate dur-g Buster's administration. L. Stewart Hinckley, an ɔle State Assemblyman, was named campaign man-ɡer. Mr. Knowland clearly intends to wage a fighting mpaign and to tackle, not evade, the important ɜues.

We have before us a "Dear Friend" letter on the ıtionery of the American Association for the United ıtions, Inc., signed by Eleanor Roosevelt, and end-g with the words: "We ask you to join in support our work at a decisive moment. Contributions e tax deductible." How come tax-free?

Amid all the agitation for restoration of con-essional cuts in public foreign aid, the fact that S. private investment in foreign countries has more an doubled in eight years (it was $12 billion in 50 and is $25 billion now) has gone largely unre-arked. What the partisans of intergovernmental ıding (translation: free handouts) cannot ever ıderstand is that private capital is there for any .tion to use provided it can first establish political nditions (stability, continuity of policy, a sound rrency) which are attractive to the lender. As a atter of fact, foreign private capital is even cheaper an local capital, as Cornelius J. Dwyer, former director of the Industrial Specialist Division of what is now the International Cooperation Administration, points out. Now employed as a petroleum consultant for private business, Mr. Dwyer offers it as his authoritative judgment that the world is ripe for a vast employment of private funds if only the politicians will stop cooking up their five-year plans and setting up their government-owned enterprises.

● Britain's Conservative Party, which a year ago was widely thought to be on the ropes, has been making a powerful comeback during the past few months. British voters have been slowly but solidly impressed by the success of the Macmillan Government's anti-inflationary policies in halting the rise in consumer prices. Personal incomes are up 5 per cent over a year ago, and unemployment is nominal. The Mid-east crisis also bolsters the Conservatives, since for an international showdown British voters don't trust the Labor Party ideologues. Some commentators believe that Prime Minister Macmillan may dissolve Parliament in order to stage a general election this autumn, while the tide is running his way.

● Chiang Kai-shek suggests that the West counter the Soviet Union's "indirect aggression" in the Middle East with a little indirect aggression of its own behind the Iron Curtain—concretely, that we stir up the same kind of trouble and unrest in the satellites that the Kremlin has unleashed among the Arabs. These tactics, Chiang believes, would do more to check Soviet intrigue in Nasser-Nasser land than the alternate gun-brandishing and talking to which we are now resorting. And Chiang, let it be recalled, knows all about indirect aggression. He recognized the true tactics of the Chinese Communists when many of our State Department experts were still mouthing banalities about agrarian reformers.

● The three million automobile owners of New York City, who have never known the blessings of socialism, congratulate the drivers of Moscow's 28,-000 cars on the recent decision of the Kremlin to abolish gasoline rationing coupons in the Soviet capital. Just think of it, only thirteen years have passed since World War II ended, and now the eight (8) Moscow service stations can sell all the gas (when they have it) that anyone (with a car) can afford to buy!

● It was an exciting day for the toddlers at Montreuil's kindergarten. *Monsieur le maire* himself had promised to come to pass out the prizes. And arrive he did, wearing over his bulging stomach the tricolor sash that distinguishes the mayor of every French town. But *M. le maire* came with entourage: a half dozen bodyguards, appurtenances of the *other*

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office he holds—as Secretary-General of the French Communist Party. For the mayor of Montreuil is *le camarade* Jacques Duclos. So instead of handing out compliments and patting small heads, he launched into a political diatribe against General de Gaulle (*"le président dictateur"*) so violent that a general fist fight ensued, and police had to be pulled in to separate M. Duclos' bully boys and some of *M. le maire's* outraged constituents. A striking reminder to Montreuil, and France, that a Communist, however tightly wrapped in the *tricouleur,* is always a Communist, even in kindergarten.

● Press time again, and we don't know any more than we did two weeks or two months ago what may happen to the Kennedy-Ives Labor Bill. The labor bosses just love Senator Jack Kennedy of Massachusetts, who got a bill of their liking through the Senate. Senator Kennedy is mad because the bill hasn't passed the House. The labor bosses actually *aren't* mad at the House for sidetracking the bill (they prefer *no* legislation to *some* legislation). Certain Democratic Representatives from rural, or non-labor, districts who would like to strengthen the anti-racketeering aspects of the bill (now very weak) want a vote in the House not to make their own views prevail but to embarrass certain "right-to-work" Republicans from labor districts. The whole thing, as you can see, gets too complicated to follow, which is no doubt the idea.

● The Jehovah's Witnesses assembly, just held in New York, was one of the most impressive spectacles that the world's hardest-to-impress city has ever seen —impressive because of its sheer size (a quarter of a million interested enough to keep on listening to sermons for several days), but impressive also because of its dignity and orderliness (the papers recorded no incidents, and the police who rode herd on the assembly appear to have been utterly superfluous). Their dignity and orderliness were the more remarkable, moreover, because what the Witnesses came together *for* was to breathe hatred of Church and State alike, churchmen and governors alike, church members and patriots alike—that is, for what most of us have been brought up to regard as our basic institutions, our traditional leaders, and our deepest loyalties. Nor can the Witnesses be appealed to in terms of the hurt that kind of hatred must ultimately do to the community: the thing they are surest of is that the world is about to come to its apocalyptic end, so that soon there will be no community, in our sense of the word, to be injured.

● NATIONAL REVIEW salutes the formation of Americans for Constitutional Action, an organization headed by Admiral Ben Moreell, chairman of the board of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation. If all goes as projected by the new group, which is pledged to "aid in the promotion and preservation of the American system of constitutional government and our system of free enterprise," we may at last find an effective conservative antidote to the statist pressurizing of Americans for Democratic Action. Incidentally, Admiral Moreell's organization gives promise of being exactly what our contributor, Frank Chodorov, calls for (see page 133) when he asks that businessmen be *in* politics but not *of* it. Admiral Moreell does not propose running for office any more than Walter Reuther, but if he can have as much effect on those who do run for office his new group will be the answer to a good many citizens' heartfelt prayers.

● We note, with interest, the Soviet charge that the Soviet arms captured on Lebanese rebels were planted on these same rebels by the West in order to compromise the Soviet Union in the eyes of the world. An ingenious idea! We wish our intelligence had thought of it first.

Stumbling Toward the Summit

In order to realize the absurdity of a Summit Meeting (in or out of the UN) under present circumstances, it is only necessary to put the question: what *could* it accomplish?

Is a Summit gathering required to enable the respective Chiefs of State to hurl reciprocal insults and to condemn each others' policies as warmongering aggression? Presumably not, since the international air is already saturated with insults and anathemas.

Will the companions of the Summit blossom forth with a dazzling "solution" of the Mideast crisis? But if Comrade Khrushchev, General Eisenhower, Mr. Macmillan, General de Gaulle, or even international bureaucrat No. 1, Dag Hammarskjold, has a solution, he is perfectly at liberty to present it at any hour of any day or night, with assurance of one-foot headlines in every journal on earth.

Will Messrs. Eisenhower and Khrushchev, after a cozy cocktail or two and a confidential chat, pluck out of the Summit clouds a gimmick—invisible to earth-bound vision—that will end the strategic, economic, political, moral and metaphysical clash between the Communist slave empire and the Free World? Even Harold Stassen isn't silly enough to believe *that.*

President Eisenhower has at least the grace to be glum about this blind tide of mass emotion that is carrying his protesting person, hogtied, toward a propaganda circus whose agenda would be effectively

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limited to Khrushchev's charge of Anglo-American aggression.

The President must wonder how he got himself into so unpalatable a predicament. By outward indications, he is unwilling or unable to understand that he has trapped himself—and the rest of us along with him—by his own clichés. He and his C.D. Jacksons, Arthur Larsons, Tex McCrarys and Paul Hoffmans have spun such a web of banalities about "equality of small nations," "one law for friend and foe," "non-aggression," and "UN the hope of mankind" that they have blotted from their own sight and ours what is actually going on in the world.

What is going on right now is no passing episode in the affairs of a little made-to-order nation, that can be compromised or soothed by a Summit or UN salve. We are in the midst of a climactic, though perhaps not yet the crucial, phase of the struggle for the strategic area which will probably decide the fate of the world. The success of the Soviet plan for world conquest depends on strategic control of the Middle East—axis of the three continents of Asia, Europe and Africa, bridge to the Mediterranean, India and the South Seas, spigot of the oil that turns the wheels of Western Europe. *Therefore* the Western powers must interdict this Soviet drive—must do so, or the West in the end will perish. That is the law that is etched into the global map.

To prevent the Russians from gaining strategic control of the Middle East: this, and this only, is the overriding objective of the West, and of the United States as leader of the West. Neither the United States nor its NATO allies have any necessary stake in any particular internal organization of that storm-tossed region. To tie our national future to the preservation of such an accidental whim of diplomacy as Lebanon or Jordan, such a provocative *tour de force* as Israel, to the particular gang of assassins who happen to rule over Iraq, Iran, Yemen, Kuwait or Syria, is ridiculous, and shockingly irresponsible. We have no national interest in resisting Pan-Arabism, for that matter, even Nasser's Pharaonic brand of Pan-Arabism, provided only that it is—as in terms of its own objective interests it might readily be—an Arabism free, in fact as well as formula, from Moscow's guiding hand.

Surely it is time, when we have already begun landing troops, to be adult. When troops are on the move, they are always close to shooting. By the nature of the Mideast strategic problem, no compromise is possible. A seeming compromise—such as may be pasted together in the next weeks—can only be a postponement. We will either stand firm in the Mideast before the Soviets take it over, or later we will have to fight a much more desperate battle to throw them out. Unless, of course, we surrender.

This, deep down, is what lies under the inchoate mass cry for a Summit Meeting. The masses sense, in spite of the meaningless platitudes of their leaders, that the terrible issue of general war hangs poised on what is happening—happening *now,* today—in the Middle East. With a kind of primitive anthropomorphism they are calling on their shamans to exorcise this dread specter—on shamans, alas, whose magic seems reduced to the dried skin and rattling bones of dead ideas.

Still Federal

The Constitution we inherited from our forefathers is a *federal* constitution, based upon a division of powers between a national capital in Washington and the capitals of the several states; and more perhaps than any piece of news in recent years the re-election of Orval Faubus to the governorship of Arkansas warrants the hope that, for a while anyhow, we are going to keep it a federal Constitution. Faubus' victory was, as that stronghold of anti-Faubus sentiment, the *New York Times,* grudgingly concedes, "overwhelming": His two opponents together polled less than half his vote, and did little better even in those Arkansas counties whose schools are already integrated.

The *Times* misleads its readers when, having buried its news account of the election on page twelve, it seeks editorially to interpret the election as a referen-

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dum on Faubus as "a living symbol of resistance" to "desegregation," and to discredit the result by references to the Arkansas poll tax and the number of voters (rather few, indeed, for a primary) who stayed away from the polls. Whatever the merits of the desegregation issue, and however the good folk of Arkansas would divide on it in a plebiscite, Dwight Eisenhower's dispatch of federal troops to Little Rock moved the controversy onto another plane. And on that plane the *Times* editors—of whom it is hardly too much to say that they are more opposed to true federalism than to segregation—tend to get lost, because of what one of their heroes, Professor Gunnar Myrdal, likes to call "opportunistic ignorance."

Let Dwight Eisenhower and the New York and Washington Liberals take good heed: the people of Arkansas, speaking as we believe for the *maior et sanior pars* of the people of America, used their votes in the election to tell their detractors: First, No More Little Rocks. And second, We Mean Business. It is good that they did, and good that they did it as they did. NATIONAL REVIEW congratulates both them and Governor Faubus.

Lebanon Previewed?

O, the noble Duke of York,
He had ten thousand men.
He marched them oop the hill
And he marched them doon again.

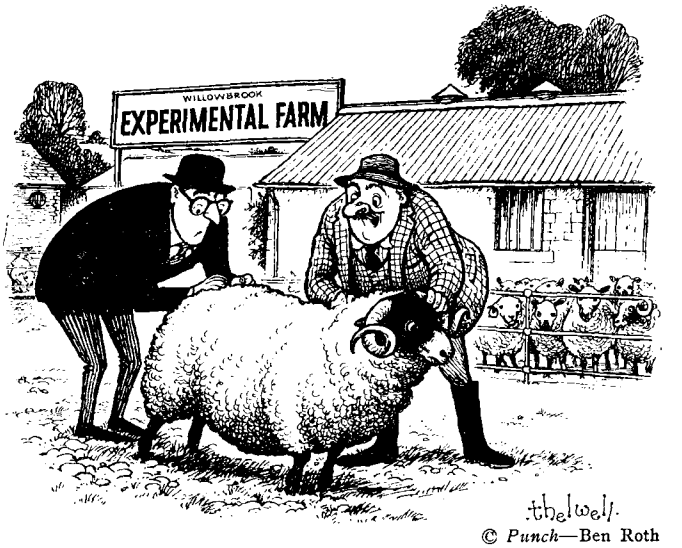
And when he was oop he was oop.
And when he was doon he was doon.
And when he was neither oop nor doon
He was neither doon nor oop.

Old Scottish Ballad

Noblesse n'oblige plus

On the 27th day of the Queen's confinement with chronic sinusitis, memorial services were held in London for King Faisal. But Elizabeth was not there. Ill. On the 28th day, she was officially convalescent, and celebrated by going to the races.

Let all men of decent impulses assume that this callousness was politically dictated. Let us assume that Elizabeth's instinct was to join publicly in mourning regicide, especially when the victim was so young, and the killers so brutal. But her grief conflicted with the design of her ministers, which was to recognize the revolutionary regime. It would not have been conducive to an appropriate public mood if, on the eve of recognition, the Queen, by her majestic presence, had riveted the eyes of the world on the act by which Arab desperadoes had come to dominate a nation. Perhaps Elizabeth had no alternative than to comply with Mr. Macmillan's wish, perhaps that is the final reduction of what is referred to as a Constitutional Monarchy: that one shall not mourn the passing of a fellow monarch—and fellow human—if the sentiment is politically inconvenient.



© *Punch*—Ben Roth

"There you are! Fifty per cent nylon."

Slaying the Jabberwock

The subject is Mishmash, and how to deal with it:

1. Mr. James Thurber, writing in *Punch,* notes that the human brain, as at present constituted, seems to be made up of potassium, phosphorous, propaganda and politics, with the result that we have a "new vocabularianism" designed to obscure thought and "declarify" all issues. His prescription: let's stop talking all jargonese, beginning with the phrase "calculated risk" and ending with such combinations as "No-Cal," short for No Calories.

2. Mr. Edward L. Bernays, the public relations pundit, sent a brochure on "What the British Think of Us" to Irving Kristol, American co-editor of *Encounter,* who lives in London. Mr. Bernays asked for it. Slapping down Mr. Bernays' plea for a common Anglo-American policy on all things, Mr. Kristol comes out for more open disagreements, more openly arrived at. Says Mr. Kristol: "If an Englishman demands that the United States, on pain of his disfavor, solve the Negro problem, I recommend you to tell him to mind his own business—which includes some nasty racial problems of his own (in Kenya, for instance). Or if he should demand that the United

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States instantly and unconditionally recognize Communist China, inform him that the aim of American foreign policy in the Pacific is to serve American interests, not to soothe British anxieties. Or if he should denounce you for not offering more foreign aid without strings, to everyone, you just remind him to keep his hands out of your pockets. Oh what a clearing of the air there would be!"

3. Mr. Jim Farley, the old-time political pro, has just poked fun at the movement to "draft" Mayor Wagner of New York for the Democratic senatorial nomination. Mr. Farley speaks of the political draft as a "sure-fire cliffhanger, a real-life soap opera." But the plot, he thinks, is by now a bit shopworn. You have, says Farley, "the rehearsed enthusiasm for the shy candidate, his initial withdrawal, the ardent pursuit, the coy consent to listen . . . the troubled candidate's withdrawal to the mountain-top to wrestle with himself . . ." etc., etc. For his own part Mr. Farley says: "I most certainly want to be the second Senator from New York."

Well, between Mr. Thurber, Mr. Kristol and Mr. Farley, the verbal air is becoming slightly less contaminated. As Edmund Wilson once expressed it, we have lived through a long period during which we could scarcely breeze or hardly sneath. With these happy signs of reaction, we live in hope.

A Choice Coming Up

We are to be numbered, generally speaking, among the admirers of ex-Defense Secretary Charley Wilson's prose style. Still, we can't quite go along with his verbal salute to Lieutenant General James M. Gavin: "He is just another overly-inflated Army officer with an exaggerated regard of his ability. He's just trying to sell his book."

That Mr. Wilson should be piqued is understandable. He is the villain of the book he mentions—"the most uninformed man, and the most determined to remain so, that has ever been Secretary."

What General Gavin essentially says is this:

First, that because of our late start in missile development we are entering a period of missile lag in which the Soviets will have a steadily increasing ICBM striking capability which we will be unable to match for several years. We are in mortal danger.

Second, that we are still committed to a policy of "massive deterrence" based on a—now faltering—ability to deliver a saturation H-bomb attack on Soviet territory.

Third, we do not possess means *or* doctrine to fight the "limited wars" that are the actual combats of the past (Greece, Korea, Indochina), present (Algeria, Lebanon) and probable future. Without a speedy shift in plans, "we will be incapable of dealing with limited wars and we will be nibbled to death."

Fourth, the "decision-making processes" for the military arm of the government are so faulty that firm, prompt choices on major matters *cannot* be made. "We have not lacked resources. The decisions have not only been in error but they have also been late."

General Gavin's authority is too validly founded and his case too formidable to be tossed out by a wisecrack, or refuted by ignoring it. Have the Pentagon and the White House a sober, factual reply to make? And if they have not, what do they propose to do? and when?

Had there been twenty Claire Chennaults in the generation of Dwight Eisenhower—twenty public men with his understanding of Communism and his single-minded dedication to the fight against it, twenty military leaders with his courage, imagination and sense of honor to go to the defense of prospective victims of Communism as he went to the defense of Nationalist China—the postwar years would have fallen out differently. But there was only one Claire Chennault, and history must remember him against the background of statesmen and soldiers capable of being stumped by Zhukov in a discussion of the merits of free society, of sleeping comfortably in their beds while Communism continues its triumphant march, and capable—for those very reasons no doubt—of gaining the preferment and power that never came to Claire Chennault in his native land. (Only on his death bed, such was his native land's ingratitude, was he promoted to the rank of lieutenant general on the retired list.) NATIONAL REVIEW will mourn his memory, and in mourning it dedicates itself anew to the struggle in which he fought so bravely.

Thomas J. Curran, the Republican Leader of New York County who died on July 29, had his roots in an earlier era of American politics. In the 1920's, when young Tom Curran became an alderman, a politician was expected to be able to make a speech without benefit of a ghostwriter or a microphone, and a man's patriotism was often considered as important as his Liberalism. In the years that followed there were many changes, and it wasn't always easy to be right; but Tom Curran never forgot his early training. Like most men, he knew both defeats and victories; but the defeats were honorable defeats, and the victories were usually victories for what he knew to be right, not merely for what would catch the votes of the moment. We were proud to count him among the good friends of NATIONAL REVIEW, and we mourn his passing.

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NATIONAL TRENDS

L. BRENT BOZELL

Congress Speaks

"I need not remind the Senate," Senator John Pastore said in the course of a speech about the Euratom program, "of the world-wide attention which is focused on the Congress, to see what the United States answer to the Middle East crisis will be." Senator Williams followed with an address on income-tax loopholes in the Virgin Islands. Senator Thye paid tribute to the centennial celebration of "Stagecoach Days" in Stephen, Minnesota.

Actually, of course, the world couldn't have cared less what the Congress of the United States thought about the Middle East crisis. It had learned from a decade of crises to expect more consequential pronouncements from the Prime Minister of Ghana than from the representatives assembled of the mightiest people on earth. And in the moment of the West's great need, the Congress did not disappoint. During the three weeks following the upheaval in Baghdad, a total of a dozen senators, more or less, from each side of the aisle rose to comment on the situation. This performance from the body charged by the Constitution with concurrent responsibility for the formulation of U.S. foreign policy. On the House side, the members who thought of something to say could be counted on the fingers of a single hand. But it was not so much how many spoke as what was spoken. By comparison with Congress, the floundering Executive Department, during those three weeks, looked wise and sure-footed.

From the GOP: Amen

The Republican contribution was, for the most part, a series of perfunctory endorsements of the President's decision to send Marines to Lebanon. Senator Jenner was the lone dissenter: while approving use of troops to protect U.S. citizens, Jenner decried intervention "in a civil war in Lebanon." During the crisis' first days, three GOP solons deviated a bit from the general pattern by suggesting that it might take more to salvage the U.S. position than to throw a temporary house guard around the Chamoun Government. Senator Bridges predicted dire consequences if *Iraq* were allowed to fall under Nasser's sway. Senator Beall praised the President's move, and added, "I would go further and say that now is the time for us to take a firm position against the encroachment of Communism." Senator Butler said, "we must fish or cut bait and . . . we have cut bait too often . . . if it means limited war, we must wage such a war." But if any of the three gentlemen had ideas of hunting down Nasser in Baghdad or Cairo, he didn't press them once the Administration decided not to contest the Iraqi coup.

Three others provided further variety by suggesting in the course of their remarks that support of Israel was at the root of U.S. troubles in the Arab world. To be sure, the position was scarcely more dangerous for Flanders of Vermont, Cooper of Kentucky and Watkins of Utah than an attack on cotton support by the governor of North Dakota; but there it was. Senator Flanders went further, introduced a resolution labeling "the forcible occupation of Arab land" by Israel "the primary cause" of Arab unrest and recommending an investigation of tax-free gifts to Israel.

Nebraska's Curtis threw out an idea that had even less chance of adoption, but it showed the man was thinking. Hold a Summit Conference, he suggested, but *without Khrushchev*. He thought it was "bordering on the ridiculous" to invite Khrushchev to New York "in the guise of spokesman for the Arab nations."

The Democrats' Three Wise Men

The opposition was, of course, loyal. One Democrat, Senator Neuberger, said the President's decision to send troops was wise; the others couldn't go that far, but promised to rally round the flag. Two of them saw salvation in the pseudo *realpolitik* of Walter Lippmann: Senator Morse by tossing into the *Congressional Record* everything he could find from Lippmann's pen and from the editorial columns of the *Washington Post;* Senator Clark by urging his colleagues to accept "the distinctive fact . . . that the Soviet Union already is in the Middle East and that we shall not be able to throw the Soviet Union out of it."

The burden of the Democrats' case, however, was assumed by the triumvirate that has postured with notable success in recent years as the Party's foreign policy "thinkers." Senators Humphrey, Mansfield and Fulbright all thought pretty much the same thing about the crisis, and it was pretty much the same thing they thought about last year's crisis. The U.S. had "no policy," in the Middle East. What policy it had was anchored to more or less useless military pacts and ignored "public opinion" and "the aspirations of the common man." The UN was the answer —specifically a UN police force to keep order in the area, a UN-sponsored arms embargo, a multi-nation "Middle East Development Authority" for organizing a gigantic economic aid program. None of the three wise men, however, explained how the UN might be prompted to do these things—how its congenital paralysis in matters involving a clash of Soviet and American interests might be cured.

And that, dear reader, is all there was to it. In the early days of the crisis, the Administration was on the brink of a decision to bring Nasser to heel. A nudge from Congress just might have done the trick. A nudge proceeding from the belief that it was more important to preserve American interests in the Middle East than to please "world opinion." There is reason to think—one gets such impressions from listening to them in repose—that the majority of U.S. congressmen held that belief: there is even greater reason to think that the vast majority of the American people did. But the habit of abdication precluded congressional initiative and muted the voice of the people. It guaranteed that when "world opinion" was weighed, *American* opinion would not be on the scales

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The Kremlin's Greatest Worry

In its open and implacable war on "revisionism" the Kremlin hierarchy is betraying its fear of the centrifugal forces within its slave empire

EUGENE LYONS

In relation to Soviet Russia, one Biblical injunction is nowadays being carried out—in reverse—with masochistic zeal. We see the mote in our own eye but resolutely refuse to see the beam in the Soviet eye. This Christian forbearance is the more remarkable in view of the fact that the Kremlin itself, far from concealing the foreign body, is openly squirming and yelling with pain. The Soviet press, speeches, broadcasts continually proclaim that it is the "main danger," the "greatest threat," and summon the faithful to extirpate it.

The beam is called "revisionism." The outside press and experts have dealt with the one aspect too large to be overlooked: the Sino-Soviet gangup on Tito's Yugoslavia as the prime revisionist culprit. But they have largely ignored other and no less important aspects inside Soviet Russia, in the satellite empire and in the world Communist movement.

In the Marxist world, until quite recently, revisionism had a specific and limited meaning. It connoted attempts to reinterpret basic concepts and programs attributed to the master. In this sense Lenin was the greatest revisionist of them all, since he disregarded or distorted holy writ whenever his own needs required it. (His heirs today veil this inconvenient truth by describing Lenin's revisionism as "creative Marxism.") But in general revisionism was associated with doctrinal modifications by theorists of the go-slow or reformist schools like Kautsky and Bernstein.

In current Moscow and Peiping usage, the word is still applied to readings of Marx, and of Lenin as well, that diverge from the official party lines. The accusation of "reformism," posed against the "revolutionary" mystique, is too useful a weapon to be discarded, and, in fact, names like Kautsky and Bernstein are being invoked to discredit today's revisionists. But beyond that, the label has been stretched to cover nearly every species of dissidence, heresy, doubt or simple criticism of prevailing policy. Everything from the recalcitrance of Tito to an unguarded remark by a Soviet student, from demands for some inner-party freedom in a foreign Communist party to an honest Soviet-bloc novel, is assailed as revisionist.

> Communist Parties consider revisionism to be the greatest danger under present conditions [said the Moscow Declaration of leaders of twelve of those parties last November]. Present-day revisionism is attempting to defame the great teachings of Marxism-Leninism, declaring them "obsolete" and without importance for social developments today. The revisionists are trying to exterminate the revolutionary soul of Marxism, to undermine the working class's faith in socialism.
>
> They attack the historical necessity of the proletarian revolution and the dictatorship of the proletariat during the transition from capitalism to socialism . . . reject the principles of proletarian internationalism . . . demand the conversion of the Communist Party from a militant revolutionary organization into some sort of discussion club.

Through this Aesopean jargon we see a partial inventory of the political ailments besetting the world Communist body: tides of revolt against Moscow's authority, against the methods of terror, against suppression of intra-party discussion. And what makes the inventory doubly significant is that precisely the same sort of revisionist fevers are under attack in every satellite state and in Soviet Russia proper.

The Central Committee of the Bulgarian Communist Party has issued a call for "implacable struggle against revisionism."

East Germany's Ulbricht has declared: "We are striving to wage a decisive battle against bourgeois influence and revisionism, since revisionism opens the way to counter-revolution."

Said the secretary of the Hungarian Party in a lecture last February: "After the defeat of the counter-revolution we got rid of the main representatives of revisionism quite quickly. However, a fairly large number of comrades, and intellectuals in particular, who were infected by the ideological chaos . . . themselves became the mouthpieces of certain revisionist views."

Another Politburo member in Hungary was even more specific: "It became fashionable to speak of freedom of views and criticism. All types of anti-party and opportunist conceptions and theories began to be preached under this slogan."

In Czechoslovakia, the Bratislava *Kulturny Zivot*, in lambasting revisionists, made a revealing slip. Their conduct, it said, was especially reprehensible *"at this time of instability and retreat from the position of strong belief."*

Dogmas Rejected

In the USSR, Khrushchev in one of his incessant harangues against revisionists declared: "Some important figures, calling themselves Communists, are for socialism but for doing without dictatorship of the proletariat. . . . Our enemies call such a policy 'liberal Communism.'" He went on to ridicule the idea, but his very anger confirmed that the idea is widespread among Communists inside and outside his empire.

The vast polemic, moreover, leaves little room for doubt that the proliferating heresies involve, in many cases, the outright rejection of key dogmas, such as the class struggle, one-party rule, the division of phil-

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osophical systems into idealism and materialism. Many of the revisionist views cited by Soviet writers for purposes of refutation leave little of the official ideology except the name. Sometimes even the name is questioned, as when a leading Polish revisionist, Kolakovsky, writes that "the word 'Marxism' has lost all meaning."

The multiple internal pressures, ferments and soul-searchings lumped by Moscow under the term revisionism are today the obsessive concern of the Communist high command. They worry the Kremlin bosses far more than any of the problems which make the front pages in the non-Soviet world, summit meetings and nuclear weapons included. That the combined magnitude of the various brands of revisionism is enormous is confirmed by the volume and vigor of the outcries against the "threat"—the Kremlin would hardly publicize internal headaches if they were not king-size and excruciating.

What is more, there are repeated admissions that the total challenge is expected to continue for a long time. For instance, a Kiev publication, having stated that "defeat of revisionism is the prime task of all true fighters for Communism," adds sadly: "It would be naive to believe that modern revisionism is a chance phenomenon that will pass quickly."

Refreeze after the "Thaw"

The intensive crusade against revisionism amounts to a desperate effort to beat down centrifugal forces within the Soviet bloc menacing its "monolithic unity"—a euphemism for subservience to Moscow. It seeks to repair the damage done to the Soviet dictatorship, since the death of Stalin, by experiments in marginal liberalization, the shocks of the de-Stalinization period, the weakening of the strings on puppet regimes, the short-lived cultural thaw, relaxed terror and other concessions to the people.

Though limited and cautious, these flirtations with "liberalism" were disastrous in their consequences. They unleashed the East German riots, Poznan, mutiny in all Poland, revolt in Hungary. In the USSR itself they brought on uprisings in slave camps, a surge of courageous criticism among writers and the intelligentsia generally. The hierarchs were amazed and shaken by the hungry enthusiasm with which the new "freedoms" were promptly exercised, by evidences of political boldness on almost every national level.

Now the official reaction is under way. The crackdown on students and the intelligentsia has erased nearly all that the thaw brought to light. Stalin's successors have realized what the old master never doubted: that even the most limited inner-party democracy, even the most attenuated liberalism, threatens the survival of the Communist system.

Strictly Domestic

In the Soviet empire as a whole, revisionism is essentially what used to be called Titoism, but with its dire implications now underlined by the Polish-Hungarian events. The attacks on it are often hysterical in tone. They repeat endlessly that National Communism is merely "bourgeois nationalism," which is in turn a tool of the West to splinter the socialist bloc from within.

This fable of Western complicity is, of course, absurd on the face of it. The West's terrified inaction in the Polish-Hungarian crises and in the earlier East German rebellion tells the squalid story. It is precisely because they know that the centrifugal forces are strictly domestic, that they exist and grow stronger despite the paralysis of the West, that the Communist leaders are so profoundly alarmed.

We need to recall the excitement churned up by Khrushchev's reference, in February 1956, to "different roads to socialism." Few of those abroad who hailed it as the Great Change, presaging the hoped-for "erosion" of the Soviet system, have bothered to admit its liquidation. Apparently they find it too painful to part with such comforting illusions. But liquidated it has been. We can even fix a date for the event: November 22, 1957, when the aforementioned Moscow Declaration was released.

The Declaration reaffirmed that Soviet Russia must play the "leading role"—the very phrase used by Stalin for Moscow's primacy. In effect it renounced the different-roads doctrine as revisionist heresy and returned to the monolithic unity prescribed by Lenin and enforced by Stalin. As against National Communism, it promulgated "proletarian internationalism," today the central slogan of all conforming Communists everywhere.

When the disease of "bourgeois nationalism" is diagnosed and denounced inside the USSR, it has a special meaning. It then refers to the resentment against Russian domination among the non-Russian populations—the Ukranians, Georgians, the Moslem peoples of Central Asia—making up almost half the Soviet population. The Kiev *Radyanska Ukrainia* was not generalizing, this April, when it equated revisionism with "bourgeois nationalism." It was taking cognizance of actual anti-Russian sentiments in the Ukraine.

There are other, some of them even more significant, dimensions of revisionism. Here are a few, as revealed in the Communist press:

—A tendency, in the words of the periodical *Moskva,* "to deny the socialist nature" of Communist countries and to accept "the view that there is a class society in the USSR." Though the book has been kept from Soviet readers, the central thesis of *The New Class* by Milovan Djilas apparently is regarded as self-evident truth by dissidents.

—Pressures for various kinds of political and personal freedoms. For example, an article by T. Timofeyev in *Voprosy Istorii,* listing "typical manifestations of revisionism," cites the propagation of notions of "pure democracy," including "idealization of bourgeois democracy, attacks on the dictatorship of the proletariat, on the state system in the USSR and in the People's Democracies."

—A growing revulsion against the brutality and immorality of Communism in practice. When Khrushchev declaims that "the October revolution is the most humane revolution" and Soviet Russia "the most humane society," he is giving left-handed recognition of this revulsion. Certain Polish ideologues who have stressed human and moral values are the Kremlin's favorite whipping boys in this area. A writer in a recent issue of *Kommunist,* I. Silberfarb, decries "the crusade against revolutionary Marxism which has recently been conducted under the banner of 'hu-

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manism.'" A *Pravda* article in February took note of oppositions in the name of "ethical socialism" and "socialist humanism." This concern with moral values, if only to demolish them, is something new and meaningful in the Communist world.

—Greater understanding and tolerance of modern capitalism, meaning the American brand; what Timofeyev denounced as "apology for capitalism." "One of the main sectors of the ideological front is concerned with the evaluation of modern capitalism," *Moskva* wrote. Immense space is devoted in the drive on revisionism to refuting the claim that American society is really any different from the capitalism analyzed by Marx and Engels a century ago. Big polemic guns are trained on the idea that the bourgeois welfare state is socialist. Linked with this are bitter denunciations of advocates of the "peaceful growing-in" of capitalism into socialism, which is regarded as a break with Marxist fundamentals of class struggle and proletarian seizure of power through revolution.

Writers in Revolt

Woven through the whole campaign against revisionism is undisguised alarm over the mutinous attitude of the intelligentsia, and writers in particular. Said Alexander Surkov, head of the Union of Soviet Writers and today the Kremlin's mouthpiece in the cultural field: "The year 1957 will go down in the history of literature as a year of fierce and furious battles with revisionist elements." He demanded "merciless" war on "that restlessness of the erring literary personage which makes it difficult for him to correct his mistakes."

At a literary conference, an official named Smirnov fumed because many writers "answer with funereal silence the demand . . . that an explanation of their recent attitude be given." This "pose by those who have not disarmed," he went on, "earns popularity only among circles hostile to us"—another clear admission that hostility does exist.

Other arts are no less permeated by muted rebellion. A recent issue of *Soviet Latvian Communist* declares that Latvian artists have launched the dangerous cry that "the artist can paint what he likes and how he likes" and are asking for "the so-called 'freedom' of the artist from society and the historical tasks." Equally typical was the complaint this March by *Soviet Music* that younger composers "are not accepting contemporary themes with sufficient enthusiasm."

Mutiny among Youth

Finally, and most significantly, there is the great ferment among youth, so widespread that even a few perceptive tourists become aware of it.

The conventional view abroad credits it to the shock of Khrushchev's revelations about Stalin. Without doubt the sudden downgrading of the dead dictator, the Polish and Hungarian revolts, the appearance of critical works like *Not by Bread Alone,* and other recent events did sharpen the questing and restlessness of young people, which ranges from unhappy bewilderment to outright rejection of many Communist concepts. But these were formidable facts even while Stalin was alive. The moderation of the terror after his death merely emboldened youth to express itself more often and more candidly.

Throughout Soviet history the ratio of political arrests has been greater on the campus than in the population at large. In 1952 the MVD exposed a group of some 30 students in Moscow, organized to spread anti-regime propaganda. It had been printing and circulating leaflets for six months before its "unmasking." Unauthorized discussion groups, usually disguised as social parties or musicales or literary readings, have been a standard gambit despite the near-certainty of exposure and brutal punishment.

In November 1956, just after the blood bath in Hungary, Khrushchev spoke of "unhealthy moods among youth." Since then there has been a crescendo of lamentation about "demagogues . . . fault-finders . . . loudmouths" in the new generation. The recent revival of intensive anti-religious propaganda evidently is due to the fact—constantly bewailed by Soviet youth papers—that more and more young people, including Komsomol members, want church weddings and have their children baptized.

In his keynote address at the recent national congress of Komsomols, Alexander Shelepin complained that too many young people "fall prey" to Western propaganda and culture, and that they are acquiring "alien tastes." The official paper of the organization, *Komsomolskaya Pravda,* has found it necessary to excoriate "ultra-revolutionary demagogues . . . nihilists carrying out a reappraisal of values . . . disturbers of the social order" among the young, even within the Komsomol ranks.

The schools mentioned in Soviet reports on student revisionism are not merely in Moscow, Leningrad and other primary cities but in provincial places like Kursk, Vorenesh, Sverdlovsk and in distant regions like Azerbaidjan. The names of at least five underground university papers have found their way into the Soviet press.

One of the most pointed comments was volunteered by Comrade Surkov, the cultural commissar, in an address on literature. "The fact that in the Moscow [writers'] organization writers up to the age of forty comprise only 10 per cent cannot fail to disturb us seriously," he said. It means, and the words are still Surkov's, "that *a whole generation has somewhere passed us by.*" That lost generation is precisely the one born since the revolution of 1917. The regime, for all its monopoly of education and terror, has not been able to transform its Soviet-born subjects into wholly unquestioning and submissive robots.

Such, in summary, is the anatomy of revisionism. In their forty-first year, the Soviet Union and its apparatus of power outside are plagued by old and new tensions. Never before has the Kremlin been less certain of the allegiance of great segments of its own people and its foreign legions. Its major energies are today concentrated upon crushing heretics. The "battle of ideas" emphasized by Surkov, the "unhealthy moods among youth" emphasized by Khrushchev, the awakening of conscience in their world evidenced by talk of human and moral values—in the perspective of history all this may prove far more fateful for the Soviets, and therefore for all mankind, than their Sputniks and their statistics of achievement.

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from HERE *to* THERE

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Socialism: The Statist Survival

Now that Western socialists have lost their old, compelling faith in the nationalization of industry, it might be thought that the way for a capitalist revival is clear at last. What, indeed, is left of socialism if socialists themselves no longer believe in State ownership of the means of production? And doesn't the loss of faith in the central tenet of Marxism mean that the nations of Western Europe are in a pretty good position to go "from here to there" by selling the stock of banks, insurance companies, mines and such concerns as the Renault and Volkswagen automobile companies back to private enterprise?

The answers to such questions, as Dr. Melchior Palyi shows in a fiery little pamphlet, *Nationalizations—Ten Years Later* (Chicago: Heritage Foundation), cannot be made on a basis of logic. True enough, socialism as a reasoned economic philosophy is as dead as the pterodactyl. What contemporary socialism boils down to is Harry Hopkins' old formula: tax and spend and elect. But this is not the whole of the matter. If socialism is disappearing as an ism in Western Europe, there is plenty of practical socialism left in the shape of entrenched bureaucrats, power-hungry technocrats, and stupefied workers who want little more than a life of cheap entertainment and subsidized absenteeism. And if socialism has never taken formal root in America, we are in danger of getting it as a by-product of our almost universal passion for subsidization to meet all sorts of presumed needs, from keeping up with the Joneses to keeping up with the Sputniks or with Soviet possession of the hydrogen bomb.

Judging from Dr. Palyi's reporting job, it would almost require a geological catastrophe to bring an end to the nationalization that has already taken place in Western Europe. Not only are certain bureaucracies and government technocracies entrenched, they also have a way of soaking up virtually all savings to pay for their own mistakes. There is little left over after taxes and inflationary levies to finance the new private venture. Government technocrats think big—but in thinking big they obey no compulsion to accumulate reserves for depreciation and obsolescence. The technocrat can make unlimited demands on the national income to satisfy his working force and his own Parkinsonian expansiveness, and then turn to government for credit. As Dr. Palyi notes, "the collectivized sector has the first call on the respective country's capital resources." The technocrats don't even have to justify their plans to government, for by the time a parliamentary committee has read a technocratic report (usually published at the year's end) it is months too late to reverse a commitment. The inventories have been moved in and out, the machinery has already been bought, the new men have been hired, and the unions, benefiting by the technocrat's mania for the grandiose, stand ready with their votes to sustain things in the way they have been going.

The Gloomy Details

Dr. Palyi's melancholy story embraces Sweden, England, Germany, Austria, France, Finland and Italy. He traces the relationship between France's impending bankruptcy and a nationalization program which has absorbed automobile, aircraft and motion picture production, a news agency, banks and insurance companies, to say nothing of the railroads and the tobacco industry. He recounts the tale of absenteeism at the coal-face in Britain's nationalized mines, an absenteeism that can always fall back on the socialized medicos for legitimate "sick" excuse. He notes the featherbedding in State-owned railroads and dockyards. He tells the story of *condottiere* Italian magnates who have carved out empires for themselves in the State's name. There is the President of the Italian government's *Ente Nationale Idrocarburi,* for example, a Signor Mattei who used his political power to get himself appointed head of a State corporation with a monopoly of oil and gas production in the Po Valley. Using the resources of the Italian treasury, Signor Mattei has moved on to outbid private groups for oil concessions in Iraq, and he is now contracting for Italy's first atomic power station.

Here and there a ray of light may be seen piercing Dr. Palyi's gloom. In Greece, financier Aristotle Onassis took over the deficit-ridden government airlines. Four months after the transaction, Onassis was paying the Greek government 2½ per cent of the airlines' gross income.

Dr. Palyi does not take up the subject of the threat of nationalization to America other than to suggest that we will eventually do ourselves mortal hurt by our attempt to shore up "mixed economies" from Turkey to India and back to England. We have our own "little ways," however. Our system of subsidization is a method of making a government captive of a man without ever formally expropriating him and continuing him in his job as a public employee. The farmer who cannot plant wheat without getting a quota and a guarantee is to all intents and purposes as "nationalized" as a British coal miner. The housing contractor who does business with slum clearance or veterans' funds is the blood brother of Mattei of Italy. In America we "regulate" our railroads. But we "regulate" them into the same type of incompetence that prevails on the nationalized railroads of Europe—and when enough of our lines go bankrupt because of regulation and taxation, the government may be forced to take over. Finally, we are in danger of letting the government take a preferred position in an atomic energy industry for reasons of "national defense." If that occurs, the TVA principle will have taken a long leap forward.

Dr. Palyi's little pamphlet may demonstrate that socialism, as an ism, is dead. But Statism, the ism that includes both socialism and subsidy, is flourishing. We shall never succeed in going from here to there until we have scotched the bigger snake.

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The Businessman in Politics

FRANK CHODOROV

The businessman is being urged, in many quarters, to take government in hand, on the ground that he is needed in the struggle between two philosophic concepts: socialism and freedom. Recently a Senator made that the theme of a speech before the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, and reports are that the assemblage took the point to heart.

Specifically, the political orientation of organized labor is being emphasized as a real threat to free enterprise. The domination by union bosses of the Democratic Party in the North, and of many elements of the Republican Party, is pointed up; unless something is done to prevent these bosses from getting control of government, it is said, we can look forward to the nationalization of our free society. Aside from philosophic considerations (the argument goes), the businessman has a considerable stake in this struggle and his self-interest should impel him to take off his coat and start swinging.

All of which makes sense, until one reflects on the capacity of the businessman, *qua* businessman, to guide himself by broad principles. He has rarely shown such capacity in the past, and one must keep in mind that he has been in politics, or on the periphery of it, ever since he set up shop; repeatedly he has concerned himself in politics—but only for what there was in it for him. Even in ancient Rome, mastery of the art of wheedling government contracts—for roads, mining and coinage or, especially, for tax-farming—was part of a successful businessman's career. The pawnbrokers who financed princes in their wars during the Middle Ages were attracted to politics by interest rates, not by doctrine. In our country, a few businessmen—like GOP boss Mark Hanna or Senator Aldrich or Secretary of the Treasury Andrew Mellon—displayed some comprehension of the political art, and brought to government a definite theory of social organization; but, generally speaking, the American businessman, like his forebears, looks to politics only for the "main chance"—a tariff, a franchise, a subsidy. The record of the American businessman in politics does not warrant the assumption that he is particularly fitted to "clean up the mess."

This is not to downgrade the businessman in politics, but to point out that he has no innate or acquired capacity for improving its quality. There have been, to be sure, businessmen who have brought into the political arena superior mental equipment and an intrepidity of purpose —like Richard Cobden, or a number of the Founding Fathers. But that was not because they were businessmen.

Inherited Pattern

Let us consider the problem of the businessman who takes an administrative post—say a Cabinet seat—with the sincere intention of "doing a job." Immediately, he finds himself dependent, for an understanding of the job at hand, upon his associates—the bureaucrats who made the law, who have been in the habit of "interpreting" it, and who have set up the procedures for carrying out its provisions. Thus he becomes the captive of the "ghosts" of his predecessors. Without their guidance he is unable to navigate the waters in which he must operate, and since it is their unalterable purpose to preserve and increase the perquisites and prerogatives of their jobs, they are sure to guide him along lines leading to that end rather than the one he hoped to achieve. If he decides to dispose of one of these subordinates, he will soon learn that he is not operating a business; the undesirable subordinate either has Civil Service tenure or friends in Congress. It soon becomes evident to the crusading businessman that he must either quit or accommodate himself to the pattern he has inherited.

Well, then, is there no place in politics for the businessman? How else can he enlist in the cause of freedom versus socialism? It would be easy to advise him to get behind some educational campaign, so that a climate hostile to socialist schemers will thwart their efforts. That's all right as far as it goes, but the fact remains that the outcome of the fight must be settled in the political arena, that socialism is nothing but a flock of interventionary laws and that freedom is the absence of them. There is no getting away from that fact. Hence, the issue must be joined in the field of politics.

However, one can be *in* politics and not *of* it. The labor union bosses are well aware of that. Rarely do they run for office, and such administrative posts as are offered to them are assigned to minor officials; the strategy of the higher command is to control the political machinery; it is said by some observers that fully a third of the present Congress is under the domination of these bosses. The continuing success of their strategy commends it to those who would oppose them. Freedom will succeed if its advocates concentrate on picking and supporting candidates for office, on committing these candidates to a definite policy as a condition for such support, and on keeping them under constant surveillance during tenure. Nor should those who put a high value on freedom hesitate to do the grubby work necessary for the defeat of socialist candidates.

But before the business fraternity enters upon such a campaign it must decide exactly what it is working for. What does it really want—freedom or privilege? If it does not rid itself of its ancient yen for privilege it will fail in any attempt to counteract the trend toward socialism. In fact, socialism itself is nothing but a system of special privileges, differing from the historic pattern in that the beneficiaries are not businessmen.

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Letter from the Continent

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

The "Liberal" Heritage

On July 14, the 169th anniversary of the storming of the Bastille, a military conspiracy of nationalist officers in Baghdad massacred the royal family of Iraq and, with the aid of an excited mob, destroyed an embassy and murdered several foreigners. How do people in Central Europe, who have been on the receiving end of American (and British) foreign policy, look at the "over-all situation"? How are they evaluating its historic significance?

The moment has come for all of us to realize where we now are in the time-table of history. There is, especially in newspapers and radio commentaries, always too much emphasis on the events of the day and far too little on their historical context. Obviously journalists and radio commentators can do little except take the set views and prejudices of the masses as a starting point for their interpretations, without questioning their intrinsic values. And the man in the street, in New York no less than in London, Paris or Vienna, has been swallowing for generations, to a greater or lesser extent, the progressivist notions of a "desperately optimistic" school of history. This school professes a blind faith in man and an even blinder faith in an allegedly automatic process of history which ought to be sped up by "enlightened" leaders, the gloomy pessimism of some "soured" conservatives and reactionaries notwithstanding. Yet today even our man in the street has become uncertain, suspicious, and leery of the glories of tomorrow; his authors have switched from the easy optimism of a Jules Verne and a Bellamy to the despair of a Huxley or an Orwell; and the surviving high priests of progressivism preach sermons in shrill voices against this "failure of nerve."

In a letter to Dr. Benjamin Rush, 147 years ago, John Adams wrote:

> Have I not been employed in mischief all my days? Did not the American Revolution produce the French Revolution? And did not the French Revolution produce all the calamities and desolations to the human race and the whole globe ever since? I meant well, however. My conscience was clear as a crystal glass, without a scruple or doubt.

Whether the French Revolution was the result of a direct filiation of the American Revolution or not (personally I doubt it), the products of this frightening upheaval on the European Continent—Jacobin democracy, nationalism, racism, socialism, Communism, every kind of leftism—have always had the applause, the warm sympathy, the fanatical support, of so-called liberals in America no less than in Britain—we ought to call them the "democratists" since they do not truly merit the name "liberals" which they arrogate to themselves.

From the days of the early nineteenth century up to Wilson and Roosevelt, Lloyd George and Attlee, Clemenceau and Daladier, these "democratists," this entire exclusive "liberal" Establishment, have totally misunderstood the nature of man, the intrinsic character of our civilization, the innate trends of collective masses, the nature of technology and economy, the religious forces and the logical conclusions of irreligious attitudes, the implications of democracy, nationalism, totalitarianism, and every form of determinism. They have always misjudged the contemporary scene and acted with an air of arrogant infallibility on the wrong assumptions until we have all finally ended in our present frightful predicament.

Now that the evil which horrified John Adams is coming to maturity, we are faced with the question of what we should do. One of the realities we have to face is Arab nationalism, the evil product of Allied statesmanship in World War I and of a tremendous inferiority complex. These Near Easterners — in the clutches of "national-socialist" tendencies and imbued by the ideas of the French Revolution—controlling vital strategic areas and great natural resources, able to invoke Soviet aid and thus to blackmail the Free West, have now to be reckoned with as a coherent factor.

This, at least, is the feeling in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, and Italy, countries deprived of overseas possessions but keenly aware of the Soviet menace. Here, especially in Christian and conservative circles, many people insist that the Arabs must (and can!) be weaned away from Soviet protection and sympathies. The choice we are facing is between greater and lesser evils, not between good and bad. Regret is often voiced that America stopped immediate British intervention in the summer of 1956, while it is admitted that the Suez attack in October-November of that year was morally and politically ill-timed. Now that Nasser is firmly in, Arab nationalism can no longer be ignored and belittled; it has to be won over—though not at the price of throwing the Israelis to the wolves. (Regardless of the wisdom of the founding of Israel, the sense of guilt toward the Jews and the admiration for their courage is too great over here to permit the thought of such an added betrayal.) There is no reason why, some day in the future, when passions have somewhat subsided, Israel should not form an autonomous and self-governing part of an Arab federation. Even certain Israeli leaders favor such a solution. Their country was founded at the converging point of European colonies and feuding Arab monarchies, but today they find themselves heavily outnumbered by the seething millions of a unified Arab nationalism.

The man in the street too often looks at political events from a day-to-day point of view. Yet political happenings form the mosaic of history, and history is a bridge between the past and the present. It is a most tenuous bridge we are now crossing, and its pillars are the Frankenstein monsters of the Liberal era; the New Conservatives, walking courageously though hesitatingly over this structure which is ready to collapse at any moment, are indeed unwilling captives of the most evil and hopeless heritage the world has ever known.

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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Education-Workshop Boondoggle

Recently a Michigan superintendent of schools sent me some correspondence and leaflets on educational workshops and conferences in this state.[1] "I have attended these things before," he writes. "Nothing ever results except a pain for having gone. At a time when there is no money to pay our teachers and we have to borrow, the top brass fills the air with workshops, conferences, and retreats which never even approach the problems at hand."

One of these workshops, to be held at Flint, was to be concerned with "a strong community school development activity." This was especially commended by Dr. Lynn M. Bartlett, Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State of Michigan. "The workshop program will provide for actual participation in the Flint community school activities and for addresses and group discussions dealing with community and school problems." The other had to do with "the annual core and general educational conference, sponsored by the State Curriculum on Core and General Education," to be held at Battle Creek. Both affairs, my informant volunteered, would be utter bores: so much gobbledegook and pedantic generalization, with now and then a bit of ponderous whimsey or coyness.

"It would be well," my correspondent continues, "if some critic with access to good outlets could publicize the fact that our state educational leaders offer the schools no standards to govern themselves by. For example, how far should a fourth-grade student progress in arithmetic, or how much grammar should a sixth-grader know well? This lack is even worse in the high schools. Elementary algebra may not bear the least resemblance from one school to another."

Instead of attempting to establish norms, he wrote, the educationists at these workshops lecture their captive audiences of administrators and teachers on grandiose designs impossible of fulfillment. One speaker, at a conference my friend attended, informed the assembled disciples that there should be no school with fewer than 1,500 students; that was the minimum number for "togetherness" and a "truly enriched curriculum." Aside from the falsity of this doctrine, it is possible to achieve schools of this size only by abolishing the rural and small-town population; so, as my friend remarked, the professor of education might as well have been talking of building castles on the planet Neptune.

A woman teacher with whom I am well acquainted gives me some account of a workshop-lecture that she was compelled to attend last summer. The speaker, a superintendent of schools from Massachusetts, put on an Academy of Lagado performance. The ordinary school, he lamented, resembles an egg crate: everything is standardized. He would like to see five classes brought together before a "master teacher." He would rearrange the school and the subject matter; he desired everything to be "relevant to 1957." He wanted "flexibility at will." He would like to see English taught one day per week in a large class, the pupils spending the other four days in the "normal classroom." He would prefer an auditorium that would seat 650, in a school with an enrollment of 1,500. In this auditorium, there should be collapsible partitions, for "flexibility at will." His "master teacher" should use a "view craft"—that is, a slide projector which flashes on the screen what is being uttered by the teacher: "Eye-to-eye communication is flashed on the screen." He sought the "drama, the excitement, etc., of a football rally" in classes deliberately made large. He commended "acoustical perfume," produced by background music, to encourage study and worthwhile group projects. "It takes something heavy to block out sound," said he; the background music apparently ought to move into the foreground. He would "dejuvenilize the school" by "creating an adult environment." "If an academic experience is great enough, students would come to school on Friday nights," he declared, "or on Saturday." The academic experience of hearing this superintendent was not great enough for my teacher of English; she devoutly wished that she might never see him after.

At a more recent education-conference in Michigan, teachers were treated to a denunciation of *Life* and *Time* by Dr. Hand, the professor of education at the University of Illinois whose arrogance and arbitrary tactics toward university colleagues were a principal cause of the good fight which Dr. Arthur Bestor and Dr. Harold Clapp have been waging against aimlessness in education—and against the stranglehold upon pedagogy. Professor Hand declared that he had all the statistics to disprove everything that *Life* said about our wonderful schools in its famous editorial; but the Luce publications simply ignored him. He informed the people at the conference that Dewey's in his heaven, all's right with the world—so long as education is left in the custody of gentlemen and scholars like Dr. Hand.

Is it any wonder that we experience difficulty in recruiting good teachers, when they are expected to attend these endless dreary workshops, in which the same empty abstractions are parroted from year to year? Any self-respecting coal-heaver would rise up in rebellion at being condemned to a lifetime of such suffering. Only our teachers are meek enough to submit. The meek, it is true, shall inherit the earth; but the Scriptural meaning of "meek" is expressed in the phrase "meek as Moses"—that is, humble before God, disciplined by God's ordinances, but heroic as Moses in the face of tyrants. I do wish we had a few Old Testament teachers.

[1] There are wheels within wheels, and my agents are everywhere. Some of the most penetrating critics of the educationist hierarchy are school superintendents. Another superintendent whom I know was approached by a suspicious educationist hierarch at one of these workshops. "Russell Kirk has been getting after us again," said the hierarch. "Do you know Russell Kirk?" "I've met him," said my agent, and folded his tent like the Arab, and silently stole away.

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Where There Is Vision...

FRANK S. MEYER

The second and third volumes of Eric Voegelin's monumental *Order and History* (*The World of the Polis* and *Plato and Aristotle*, Louisiana State University, $6.00 each) continue the grand development of his theme which was introduced in the first volume, *Israel and Revelation* (reviewed, *NR*, 3/2/57). *Order and History* is a theory of history as the continuing and recurring struggle of men to realize their free being under God. But it is more than a theory of history; it is projected "not as an attempt to explore curiosities of a dead past, but as an inquiry into the structure of the order in which we live presently," as "one of the means of establishing islands of order in the disorder of the age."

Professor Voegelin has no less a goal than to controvert the two related theories of history which have created the world view that dominates our age: Marxism and the Liberal theory of progress. Both of them he sees arising from a rejection of the finite conditions of human life—ideologies which would substitute for the truly human end of "the love of being through love of divine Being as the source of . . . order," a Utopian drive to redesign the world in the image of a pattern of "perfection," distorted in its shape and hideous in its consequences because of the finite limitations of the human designer.

The essence of Professor Voegelin's interpretation of the drama of history was presented some years ago in *The New Science of Politics*, and more briefly in the Preface and Introduction to the first volume of *Order and History*. In reading each successive volume as it appears we must depend on these for the large outlines of his interpretation until *Order and History* is completed. The present volumes are immensely rich in their representation of Greek history and politics, epic and tragedy, religion and philosophy; but it is in the light of his larger design that they become transparent with a meaning not simply interpretive of the age of Hellas, but of all human existence in history and of the particular crisis in that history in which we live today.

The history of man, Professor Voegelin is saying, is the history of his understanding of his being and of the "symbolizations" in which that understanding has been expressed—on the one hand, in myth and poetry, philosophy and sacred writings, and on the other hand, in the structure of political and social institutions.

To summarize the main modes of that self-understanding, with a brevity that runs the risk of doing violence to Professor Voegelin's insights:

1. In the immemorial millennia of the great early civilizations in which conscious order was first born—Egypt, Mesopotamia, China (before Lao Tze and Confucius), India (before Gautama Buddha and Jainism)—the ultimate truth of man's being was felt and understood in such identity with the factual presence of civil rule and social existence that the soul of the individual person remained undifferentiated from the society around him. By consequence, the transcendent, the Eternal Ground of being and of truth, was inconceivable. God and King, Heaven and Earth, Truth and Representation, were grasped in a unity that left no possibility for the emergence of the soul of the individual person or for recognition of the transcendent.

2. Almost simultaneously in Israel and in Greece, although in different ways, there burst through this undifferentiated primitive consciousness a new form of consciousness, a new "symbolization." This "leap in being," as Voegelin calls it, broke through the unity in which the social order below and the cosmic order above were conceived, so that both Greek and Jew were suddenly able to perceive an immense chasm. In Israel it was by the direct grace of Revelation; in Greece (with grace no less the effective cause, I think Professor Voegelin would say), by the effort of philosophy. In their different ways each civilization became aware of the tension between what is and what ought to be, between the immanent play of events in the world of actuality and the transcendent source of reality and ultimate value.

But deep as this revolution in ways of thought was, it stopped short of the confrontation of the individual person with the final Source of his being. The chasm that had appeared between God and man was too great, and the individual soul took refuge in collective unity with the *polis* (the city state) or "the Chosen People," which became, instead of the person, the moral link between immanent existence and transcendent value.

The temptation was to return to the unity of the cosmological empires by forcing upon society a pattern derived from the finite human understanding of the transcendent. But the consciousness of Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher at their highest—but only at the end, when the civilizational order around them was in decay—caught a glimpse of the ultimate reality. Deutero-Isaiah and Jeremiah, Plato and Aristotle, broke beyond the containment of consciousness in a collective, however hallowed, and saw that "God is the measure" by which, without benefit

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of civil institution, the individual person is to be judged and must judge himself.

3. But this sublime insight remained the possession of philosopher and prophet. It could not become common to men and thereby mediate an outlook on existence and a set of institutions without a more concrete and at once more profound solution of the contradiction between the transcendent and the immanent. Only with the ultimate act of grace, the Incarnation, "the flash of eternity into time," was it possible for the individual soul truly to recognize itself and its simultaneous existence in two worlds, the world of eternity and the world of time. And thereby it became possible for human persons, drinking deep of the source of their being, to create an historical order inspired by understanding of the transcendent but aware that earth is not heaven and that human life, though inspired by transcendent understanding, "must remain adjusted to the order of mundane existence." This understanding created our great tradition, which recognizes and is based upon "the tensions, frictions, and balances between the two levels of attunement, a dualistic structure of existence which expresses itself in pairs of symbols, of *theologia civilis* and *theologia supranaturalis*, of temporal and spiritual powers, of secular state and church."

4. In challenge to this balanced tension which is the high world view of the West, there has arisen in recent centuries a new outlook, at first obscure and clothed in religious terms, then more and more open and radically man-worshipping in philosophical content. This outlook Voegelin calls "gnosticism." Now dominating our world in its two forms of Communism and Liberalism, it threatens to destroy the wonder of man's discovery of his being under God in the conditions of a finite existence and the balanced institutions that reflect that understanding. This world view of "gnosticism" begins with a refusal to accept the conditions of mundane existence, with an overweening pride in the glimpsed image of perfection distorted by the limits of man's understanding, and with a determination to enforce it upon the world, come what may. It ends in the bloody terror of the Lubianka cellars or the dry terror of social-engineered conformity.

UNTIL *Order and History* is finished, one cannot speak with assurance of Professor Voegelin's counsel to the West at this moment when our ancient and integral heritage is so mightily assaulted from without and from within. But judging both from his work as a whole, so far as we now have it, and from these latest volumes where the Greek experience

Counsel to Budding Aesthetes

(After W.S. Gilbert)

If you're anxious for to shine in the pseudo-egghead line
As an intellectual power,
There are certain things to do, which if done will render you
The highbrow of the hour:
You must stroll about the quad, discussing Kierkegaard
With swiftly gushing praise;
There's no need to have read it, but it *will* be to your credit
To employ the right clichés.

And everyone will say
As you walk your tweedy way
"If that young sot can talk such rot
So *très* aesthetically,
Why, what a very hearty-arty salon type
This salon type must be."

Then your intellectual void must have tiny bits of Freud
Floating 'round the sun of Sartre:
Throw in too some Maritain, Colin Wilson, Thomas Mann,
And miles of unviewed art.
Know a fact or two on Braque, maybe three on Mauriac,
Plus a smattering of Zen,
Carry *Waiting for Godot* in your pocket so 'twill show
Though you've not read past page ten.

And everyone will say
As you walk your obscure way,
"If he can drop great names like that
From his tongue so skillfully,
Why, what a very existential type of youth
This type of youth must be."

You will have to play your part in the cause of modern art
And award it fulsome praise
And behold its wild abstractions, though they look like gross distractions,
With a rapt, ecstatic gaze.
You must, of course, eschew what in drama is not new
And declare it *tout passé*,
Praise some avant-intellectual, quite sickeningly sexual
"Social tragedy of today."

And everyone will say
As you walk your sneering way
"If he appreciates works like that
Which have no effect on me,
Why, what a very cocktail-party cultured type
This cultured type must be."

DENNIS DUFFY

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of civilizational decay and spiritual rebirth is so vividly presented, it is possible to be reasonably certain. What he would seem to be saying is that our fate hangs in the balance and will depend upon the degree to which we are able not simply to recover the understanding of our ancestors, but to enrich it and deepen it so that it may live triumphant in an idiom that speaks to contemporary man.

It may be objected that this is the enterprise not of men of action, but of philosophers. Perhaps it is, and perhaps only that enterprise can save us. If so, Eric Voegelin will be long remembered as one of the foremost of those who defeated the forces of infamy.

Cure for the "New Critics"

ROBERT PHELPS

ALTHOUGH it has been practiced openly for less than two centuries, English criticism already has a complex genealogy. From Caxton's 1485 foreword to Malory and Hamlet's speech to the players, through Dryden's prefaces and Pope's sly edition of his own bookish letters, it was a marginal, half-illicit leakage indulged in mostly by poets themselves. Professional status was not achieved until Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets* in 1779, and it was only with Coleridge and Hazlitt, Macaulay and Carlyle, that the Critical Essay—part history, part judgment, part self-expression—became a form of writing as primary and honorable as verse, drama, or the novel. Arnold followed, and Swinburne, but after them the tradition petered out in the sycophantic niceties of Gosse and others.

Meantime, the highly conscious methods of French writing were beginning to cross-fertilize English novels and verse. With James, Conrad and Ford, with Eliot, Pound, and the Imagists, new demands were made on readers, and an exegetical kind of criticism was called for, an entrepreneuring agent to make introductions between the new writers and the new readers. A book like Percy Lubbock's *The Craft of Fiction* uttered the challenge in 1921: "The author of the book was a craftsman: the critic must overtake him at his work and see how the book was made."

Of course this was, provisionally, a good thing. A generation of analysts ranging from Edmund Wilson to John Crowe Ransom, I. A. Richards to T. S. Eliot, William Empson to Yvor Winters, set standards of appreciation which English literature had never known before. Critical temperaments varied, but the aim was the same: to bring light to the author's text, design and technique; to reveal that the artifice of writing was as subtle and intricate as Cellini's, that a poem was not just the result of inspiration, that a novel was more than telling a tale. This quality of attention stimulated writers as well as readers. It was no accident that a poet as technically mature as Robert Lowell was incubated in what he once called the "declension" of Ransom's conversation and awareness.

But since 1945, this generation's critical sons have begun to appear, and for the most part they are a faceless and very proprietarian lot of young men who have reduced what was once a lively means into a sickly end in itself. Joyce has given them their greatest justification, but there are very few writers of any stature in English whose work has not been translated into inanity by their "textual analyses." They regard literature only as words on the page; would not dream of offering anything but a puristically aesthetic judgment; and make the act of creation look like a problem in bridge-building. At the present time their relation to live writing is no less pernicious in its way than that of Hollywood or Agit-Prop.

But the surest cure for any illness is internal. Swinburne's lush abuse of English was not redressed by an Act of Parliament, but by another poet—Yeats. Likewise, the "textual" critics will get their comeuppance from out of their own number, and it is for this reason that I read Hugh Kenner's collection of essays on contemporary literature, *Gnomon* (McDowell, Obolensky, $4.50), with as much satisfaction as illumination. Mr. Kenner (a truly apt name, for he can ken as keenly as anyone in the business) is sharp, uncaviling, impressively informed, and so brashly able to call a spade a spade—and a fool a fool—that I wondered two or three times how long the Groves of Academe (present-day proprietors of the Sacred Wood) are going to put up with him. For their own sake, I hope they read him with humility,

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for the value of his book as a chastener of his confrères seems to me very great. Though himself a rigorous man with a text, he can see incisively through the tenuities of Empson's theory of "complex words"; and he has the guts, and unfrivolous temerity, to call the bluff of R. P. Blackmur, a man who has virtually been deified these past twenty years for having produced some of the most pretentious and ill-written criticism in English.

My own only reservation about Mr. Kenner is that, like his generation, he tends to interest himself too exclusively in the form and idea of literature. I am not sure, for instance, what he would do if asked to evaluate one of Rilke's poems, or Henry James' seven successive essays on George Sand, or a book like Colette's *Le Pur et L'Impur*, or the soul of Falstaff. He is most useful on writers like Pound, or Wyndham Lewis, or Joyce, in whom a minimum of personal feeling may be said to *obligate* the text. With Whitman, on the other hand, in whom the words are chiefly a substance for the spirit to breathe in, he is a little at a loss, like a brisk young interne who is still concerned only with the temperature, muscle tone and cellular life of his patient.

But I am very glad Mr. Kenner is between covers. Of all his generation (he is thirty-five), I think he is the man most reliably equipped to confront today's stuffed shirts, dead rotters and intellectuals without love. Miss Marianne Moore speaks for the Common Reader as well as the Uncommon Writer when she says simply: "We need him."

The Passing Scene

Thoughts Out of the Bag

PETER CRUMPET

Of course, nobody has come close to ascertaining the real cause of the recession. Weighty columns filled with weighty speculations are perhaps written by men with intellects too weighty to recognize the ultimate importance to life and society of frivolous matters. The history of the recession is as simple as this:

In February of 1957, or thereabouts, dress designers dreamed up yet another way of mulcting (or is it milking?) more money from the sex that languishes after the opportunity to demonstrate the supineness of its kind. Cognizant of the fact that Woman's name is not vanity, but gullibility, these hirudinoid creatures perverted style back to the mannish, shapeless invertedness of the 1920s. By May of 1957, every high-fee peroxide tart and social show-off paraded Fashion's newly certified, undeniably expensive, horrors through the Flamingo Hotels, the El Moroccos and the Moulin Rouges of social notoriety. It was not long before women dressed in the vestments of sanity began to feel as ragged as Cinderella beside her jeweled and plumed stepsisters.

Fashion houses did well. But oh, how the rest of the economy suffered. By August of last year came the first mutterings of male revolt. The stock market slipped . . . and slipped . . . and slipped. Inventories grew . . . and grew . . . and grew. The frivolities upon which the economy of the United States subsists were not selling. Why? Because men, looking at their mates and sweethearts, no longer saw any reason for spending money on a shiny new convertible to impress—what? That *bag*? Heaven help us, the money is better lying in the bank.

And this writer can predict with confidence that, considering the newest styles as viewed over the intent shoulder of his once gorgeous wife, the recession will shortly become a depression, signifying the black mood of the male species.

. . . Five foot two
Eyes of blue
In that sack is there two of you?
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?
She's a corker
(Or is she a porker?)
Who can tell in that Diorker
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?
No fool flapper
Mighty dapper
Figure Divine
Till styles changed
Got deranged
Why the Devil did they want to wrapper
In that tent
Parachute pent
Now she looks like a continent
HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY GAL?

. . . Of course, there is one excellent by-product of the sack. It is a formidable buttress of morals. I have noticed a curious similarity in male reaction to the sexless styles of today and the Golden Era of Plunging Necklines. In those far-off times, men gazed intently at the eyes of women, since they did not dare look anywhere else for fear of what their faces would reveal of the bestial side of their nature. Now men gaze just as intently at the eyes of women, in an effort to reassure themselves that this bestial side of their nature still has cause to exist. Certainly there is nothing else about the chic woman's appearance to warrant it.

Now, since most women's faces are blander than their bodies (men of perception cannot help but shudder as they gaze into pure, china blue prisms that are just as likely to flash sensuously at the sight of a sack as at the sight of a Bikini), it is reasonable to suppose that we are in for an era of extraordinary male continence. Perhaps this is what the dress designers desire for men—*vis-à-vis* the opposite sex, of course. But is that what women desire?

. . . Last thought. There are limits to everything. There is no reason to suppose that anything more unbecoming to the female form can be invented in the future. So we may be assured of a return to the Napoleonic bust or Grecian transparencies: for money, dress designers will even swallow principles and flatter the sex of their customers. Meanwhile, however, we of the male sex have allowed ourselves to be taken for a ride by the dress designers of—well, of the male sex too, one supposes. Is not this the opportune moment, at this pitch of our greatest outrage, to gather together in a society dedicated to the taking of the fashion moguls for a ride? Not a one-way ride, please! One cannot publicly advo-

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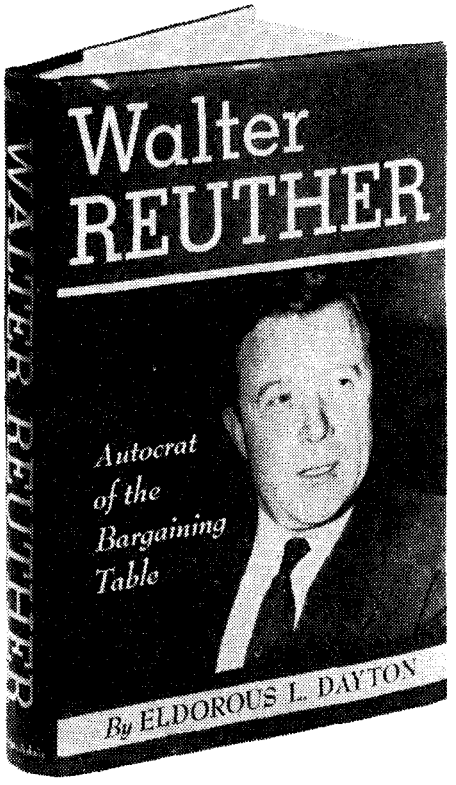
cate mayhem, even if justified, without running afoul of the law. But there are such things as rides on rails (railroads, naturally). And we can all become dress designers—designers of dress for the dress designers. One can think of a perfectly dandy, di-*vine*, little outfit whose base is black and whose decoration is a fluttering, feathery white. I'm sure the boys would just . . . *love* it.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

AL SMITH AND HIS AMERICA, by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little Brown, $3.50). More sociologist than biographer, Professor Handlin devotes most of this short book to trying to make city-machine politics look like a Boy Scout meeting, with the Tammany bosses—Tim Foley, Big Tim Sullivan and Charles F. Murphy—as Al's scoutmasters. Smith, of course, was something more than a Tammany warrior. Had he not been, he could hardly have seized the imagination of as large a number of Americans as he did and become the Democratic Presidential standard-bearer in 1928. Professor Handlin quite correctly points out that Smith's defeat was due in measure to the fact that he was a Catholic. In this much misunderstood election, however, it must be kept in mind that Smith was also an outspoken "Wet," a city slicker and a machine man; nor should the events of 1929-1932 cause us to forget how great was the personal popularity of Herbert Hoover, and how appealing "Republican prosperity," in 1928. J. H. BECK

AMERICAN MODERNS, by Maxwell Geismar (Hill and Wang, $3.95 cloth, $1.95 paper). Maxwell Geismar's new book of literary "criticism" promises much—on the dust jacket. "From Rebellion to Conformity / A Mid-Century View of Contemporary Fiction," it is subtitled. The unwary reader has no way of knowing that under this pretentious cover lies little more than a series of old book reviews. This grist of a minor mill was ground out for the benefit of *Nation* readers—with a few exceptions—and it shares all the ebullient nastiness of that weekly. The clarity of Mr. Geismar's thought is apparent in such sentences as, "Our writers do indeed lack a spiritual purpose, which in former generations was accompanied by a broad social base." (As we used to say in the Army, "The beds are hard, but the food is terrible.") His politics shout aloud in his attacks on Sidney Hook ("a bitter ex-radical"), the *New Leader* ("dead end policies . . . now mainly Trotskyist"), and the list of novelists (Koestler among them) whose break with the Communist Party led to a "complete cessation" of "creative energy" and "human emotion." Most revealing of all is the trite, tortuous, and sophomorically *ad hominem* badgering of John Dos Passos—"the most thoughtful and learned of our novelists," Mr. Giesmar called him in 1942, when he was wooing the anti-Communists he now deplores. In short, Mr. Geismar succeeds in drawing mustaches on the pictures of his betters, and in filling all the o's in the subway signs.

R. de TOLEDANO



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To the Editor

Another Chance for New Jersey

Left-wing cliques within the New Jersey Republican Party have got together to influence the state party's choice of candidates. Most of us do not want these socialist-inclined politicians to get nominated, and now is the time for action. With good organization, conservative Republicans will be selected, and then elected.

We must show numerical strength. When enough of us have the courage to state our principles, we will get action. People living in New Jersey, who want the Republican Party to nominate winning conservatives, must tell us now. Their statement at this time will have as much influence as 500 votes by next spring.

One address at which the New Jersey conservative wing of the Republican Party can be reached is 105 Spruce Street, Bloomfield, N.J.

Bloomfield, N. J. ARTHUR SCHEFFLER

The Adams Case

Please, no more articles such as "Sherman Adams and Guilt by Presumption" [June 28]! NATIONAL REVIEW has always called a spade a spade, been factual and fair in its evaluations and utterly lacking in mishmash. . . .

Indianapolis, Ind. KATHARINE RYAN

NATIONAL REVIEW *has consistently called Sherman Adams a spade—*S-P-A-D-E*—but remains less dismayed by his dealings with Mr. Goldfine than by the policies with which he has afflicted his party and the nation.*

ED.

A Latin American's Views

Your readers might, I think, be interested in the attitude of the upper-class Venezuelan to the aftermath of the Nixon incident.

I am a young Venezuelan, educated, after attending the public schools in Caracas, in the United States and England. I must say that intelligent Venezuelans, outside of the Communists, were shocked to read the alleged substance of the report that Mr. Nixon made to the President, as it appeared in the *New York Times* May 18. The American Government is advised to give the cold shoulder to dictators and an *abrazo* to democratic representatives. In other words, to remain your friends we Venezuelans would have to change the policy we have followed since the beginning of our history: all our Presidents, including Betancourt, the Ex-President and ex-fellow traveller, have been dictators.

Woodrow Wilson initiated the policy of interfering in the affairs of Latin America, by telling Mexico to dismiss a President—Huerta—and by so maneuvering, in violation of his word, that Mexico made Carranza President and, of course, a dictator. Wilson had the face and the character of a medieval bigot. At the time that he was fulminating and using the American Army to depose the President of Mexico because he rose to office through power, Wilson recognized the President of a Latin American country who rose to office through revolution, the difference being, of course, that the latter official was pure.

Nixon has claimed the exclusive right of the American Government to pass on the morals of any ruler who takes refuge in the United States and he advocates the extradition of ex-President Perez Jiménez to Venezuela, with the result that there is a clamor now in Venezuela for extradition, which intelligent men in Venezuela know is not permissible under international law.

Also, Mr. Nixon has advocated that Americans, instead of dealing with intelligent men in Venezuela, talk to the bootblacks and street rowdies about their troubles. (It is noteworthy that if your diplomats are forbidden to speak to the educated Venezuelans, the impossible requirement will be imposed on them of learning broken Spanish.)

The intelligent Venezuelan, like all other intelligent Latin Americans, does not relish good will tours. All he wants for his country is that it be treated as a self-respecting nation, not that it receive *abrazos* from the

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United States. I commend to all Americans Mr. Peter Minot's article in NATIONAL REVIEW of May 31, 1958 and that of Mr. James Burnham, the great thinker, in the same issue. These are the only intelligent articles about the Caracas affair that I have seen in the American press.

JUAN GARCIA GARCIA

Caracas, Venezuela

Apropos Summit Conference

You cannot balk
A hawk with talk
Nor woo a gnu with prattle.
You cannot lull
A bellowing bull
With idle tittle-tattle.

To gore a boar
Requires more
Than diplomatic chatter.
You cannot daunt
A cormorant
With petty pitter-patter.

So do not look
To gobbledygook
For aid in all such crises.
When dangers show
It's nice to know
No fancy phrase suffices.

Washington, D.C. ELLIS O. JONES

The delay in publishing the two letters that follow was due to Mr. Roman's absence from the country.

Were They Sentimental?

A reviewer has an elementary duty not to parade glib bits of knowledge as truth as your Mr. Roman does in the May 10 issue ["The Pretty World of Mr. Cousins"] viz: ". . . as sentimental a Liberalism as that of Malthus, Mill and Bentham." I will wager a dog-eared copy of the English Utilitarians against a year's subscription to NATIONAL REVIEW, that your reviewer never read a line of the three.

First, of course, Malthus was not a Liberal. (Nor a Utilitarian either, for that matter.) An Anglican reverend, Malthus wrote his Essay on Population *against* the sentimental liberalism of Wallace, Condorcet and Godwin. He was trying to defend private property and marriage as the twin, necessary institutions for the stability of society. Mill was a rationalist, but not a sentimental Liberal. Until the end of his life, he was a "liberal" in that he believed in the free market and felt, for example, that labor could never raise wages at the expense of other factors in production. Bentham sentimental? He was the man who led the campaign against the sloppy, sentimental dole which kept English workers on a half-subsistence diet but gave them no incentive to work. The Reform in the Poor Laws which he instituted laid the foundation for a free market in labor in the English economy.

Come now, let your reviewers—and the editors who edit the piece—display some education, or if having been failed by Yale of a decent schooling, the necessary humility not to bandy about names of which they know little.

New York City IRA GUMPTZION

Mr. Roman Replies

If confidence of tone be any indication of the fact, then Mr. Gumptzion's volume is more draggled than any dog's ear. Interpretation is a labor not acomplished by the thumb, however; and I wonder how—when his premises all support my "arrogant ignorances"—his conclusions can appear from (and go) nowhere.

After listing the salvationist schemes of social organization which the three Victorians sponsored, and which were made the foundation of the "liberal" economy in their time, Mr. Gumptzion speaks as if he had done precisely the reverse of this. Surely he has not been deceived by the fact that the liberal economics has altered its choice of means—from capitalistic to collectivistic—without a change in basic principle. The fact that all three men stressed the importance of a completely free market *proves* that they were nineteenth-century liberals. Yet it is on this doctrine of theirs—and on the fact that Malthus was a clergyman—that Mr. Gumptzion bases his case to the contrary. (Has he been listening to many clergymen lately?)

The claim that "hardheaded" views on doles and on the propagation of children are never sentimental is one which completely ignores history. The nineteenth century was sentimental precisely in its rapt worship of everything that posed as "Science." Nowhere—as Ruskin and Carlyle realized so clearly—was this superstition more gross than in the worship of "social sciences." Pecksniff blessing his digestive system is the supreme sentimentalist; no matter how carefully his heart's valves have been analyzed and singled out for separate worship, it is still a heart which has run away with his head. *The Roots of Honor* was realistic; the abolition of doles in order that *laissez-faire* industrialism could bring in the earthly paradise was a daydream.

It is a pleasure even to risk losing a battle when I am certain of winning a bet. The limp volume will no doubt fit into my post office box—at the Yale station.

New Haven, Conn. WILLIAM ROMAN

Understanding Spain

In "Spain is Not an Office" [July 19], Mr. Peter Crumpet has written an excellent article, containing profound dignity, delicacy and *savoir faire*. Today there is a renewed interest in Spain, and especially in her people. I believe that if Americans wish to understand Spain more fully, it is prerequisite, as Mr. Crumpet has undertaken, to study the very heart and soul of Spain—her people. I think that in Mr. Crumpet's search into the Spaniard's spirit, he has achieved this understanding, and I sincerely hope that this will aid the American and the Spaniard in their relationships with each other.

Washington, D.C. ANTHONY F. MUNOZ

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